This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

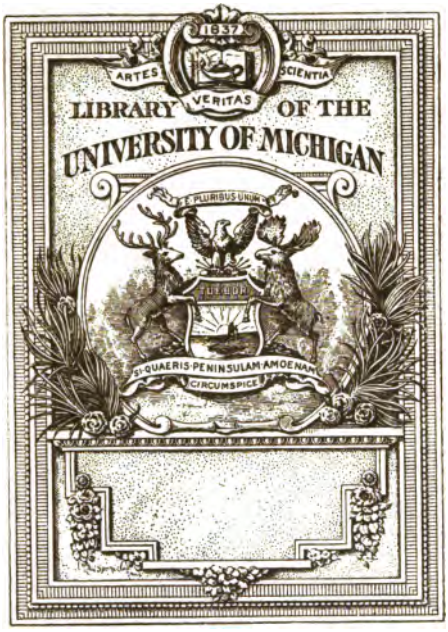
Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`



THE GIFT OF
Mr. W. F. Shaw,
Alumni Office

QH
81
.M27

THE TRAIL OF THE INDOOR OUTER

THE TRAIL *of the* INDOOR OUTER

RAYMOND E. MANCHESTER

The Collegiate Press
George Banta Publishing Company
Menasha, Wisconsin

Copyrighted
by
RAYMOND E. MANCHESTER
1916

DEDICATED

TO

A. C. M.

313153

A great amount of the material presented has been published in *Outer's Book, Sports Afield, Outdoor World* and *Recreation.* The editors are thanked for permission to reprint these articles.

Jerome K. Jerome in his introduction to *Idle Thoughts of an Idle Fellow,* writes: "All I can suggest is, that when you get tired of reading 'the best hundred books,' you may take this up for half an hour. It will be a change." I will suggest that when the half hour is over you take up this book for a time. It will be another change.

RAYMOND E. MANCHESTER.

Oshkosh, Wis., March 1, 1916.

The Trail of the Indoor Outer

STEWART EDWARD WHITE in opening his delightful book,—*The Forest,*—speaks of a time in February when the first call comes to the outdoor man. He refers to it as a time when, "The Red Gods make their medicine again." I think every outer, whether professional or amateur, has felt the pull of the out-of-doors long before the snow is gone. The sunshine takes on a different quality. Spring is in the air.

The Indoor Outer, though amateurish and inclined to be sentimental over things of commonplace interest to the professional, is sincere in his enthusiasm. His trail through the year is an interesting one.

It starts at the same time the professional outer's trail starts, that is in February when the snow is still upon the window ledge. He gets the same call. A day comes when the newspaper, the hearth fire, the game of whist, or the novel, gives a man nothing to enthuse over. Every occupation is tried in vain. Something seems wrong with the world. Then, by chance, a fish-hook is mentioned and the magic word is found. The trail starts.

If you are an Indoor Outer you know that from this time on scarcely a day passes without some thought of the great days to come. The sporting goods at the store are pulled down from dusty corners several times each week for you to look over and if the clerk is kind to you it is because he knows he will get your bankroll later. The evenings at home are spent looking over your own outfit. Although

you know exactly what you own, and have looked at every article several hundred times you always find time to go through your tackle-box once again. Your favorite rod is put together, the joints polished, and the windings varnished. If you are a trout fiend you make a new set of flies. The thing gets into your blood and you linger over the cigar-counter to talk of days you remember.

Time and time over the trail goes to the fishing grounds. It has many angles and deviations but it always of necessity follows the deep-worn path where all the countless outers have gone before, for where is there an indoor man who does not dream of a vacation and a fishing trip? It has always been so. An idle man and a pleasant afternoon,—result, fishing trip. Going fishing means not only adventure

but a chance for meditation and both are necessary to the soul of man.

"Going fishing?" is an expression as often used as, "What luck?" Even though a man be weighted down with poles and tackle boxes, everyone he meets asks if he is going fishing. And, strange to say, there is always a smiling reply. "Yes, I am going fishing," is an answer in which there is hope and confidence. There is no limit to the future when a man is going fishing. He has the world by the coat-tails and he knows it. Capital and labor squabbles, politics, love, and war, are to him words and phrases of an unknown language. He is free and happy. His steps are quick and his energy beyond measurement. If never again he is now master of the situation, a slave to no man, a friend to all.

There must be something to this thing that jerks men out of bed at four in the morning, takes them into icy water to their waists, gives them strength to walk endless miles, and inclination to row a boat over acres of water. It is a force to be reckoned with. It gets into a man's blood. Storms, droughts, and famine, cannot keep this force from working. It is like the germ that gets into the system and cannot be driven out. Fishing! Is it the mere possession of fish? Hardly, when tons of fish can be bought by telephone. No, it is something more. It is the adventure of the outdoor life. It is the playing of a game in which neither side has an advantage. It is the getting of a first-hand acquaintance with nature. It is the getting away from the crudeness of civilization.

Fishing is the most democratic of occupations. The rich man and the beggar are equal before the law of luck. An outfit made by the most skilled of mechanics is no more effective than a thread with a worm. Nature knows no lordships. Caste depends not upon birth or wealth, but rather upon a knowledge of things simple. The rag-tag boy with the homemade pole can get the maximum of enjoyment from an afternoon at the lake or river as easily as any man of Wall Street. Both know it, so democracy is inevitable. That is why all men enjoy it. There is a chance for a getting together without humiliation. The horny-fisted guide says to the millionaire, "Give me a match, partner," and the millionaire is glad to be recognized. Fishing is an equalizer of men. It taketh away pride, and makes us all just plain folks.

The Trail of the Indoor Outer

Every true outer has a trail leading by the small stream. For every one, there is some little river which flows from the lake, and on and on through ever-widening banks, until it goes into a larger stream and thence to the sea. To me the river has been one of the few constant friends. Years do not have the effect upon it that is so noticeable in the case of persons. It has eternal youth, and yet, too, eternal age. I know I can depend upon it. Whether I am away a week or a month, I am sure, absolutely sure, that the shallow part is just as it was; that the fish-holes are unchanged; and that at a certain place near a certain tree there is a good landing for a canoe.

The river seems to have a being; certainly there is friendship and companionship to be counted upon. Its voice is ever joyful, and its conversation optimistic.

Even the weird, half-formed song is on such a true-blue theme that the monotony seems quite a part of the best plan. And more, it is a companion. It is within my power to know it intimately. Its moods are understandable, and its charm is dependent upon its multitudinous small beauties, rather than upon its strength and power. It is so varied in its appeal I can never quite decide what it is that makes it interesting. The voices it has of rippling water, over-hanging branches waving in the air, insects and small birds singing out their hearts, all become a part. The ever-changing view as one travels its course through meadows, wood-tracts, marshes, and cities, enters in. The utter abandon of it as it goes along its happy way is stimulating. It is, in fact, the sum-total of all these that makes the little river.

One is awed by the sea, one admires the wide-stretching Mississippi; but one loves the small stream, as much the banks as the water, for both banks and water make the river. The little stream is to the banks as is a spoiled child to a parent. Whatever it wishes it gets, but always the banks are guarding over it. The stream plays and frolics on and on; but the trees, the rocks, the reefs, and the hills, keep it within bounds. Sometimes, when filled with the snow water of the back-lands, it goes on a wild lark for a week, but eventually it is back in its old ways, more lovable than ever.

When the trail brings you out before the day opens, a most delightful experience is before you. It seems to me that only at this time can one get the finest that nature has to offer.

Often at sunrise I go to the lake above Big Hollow, the namesake of the mighty chieftain of a great tribe which was first to know the wonderful pictures to be seen from its shore. Morning, yellow-robed,—whether on the mountain, on the grass lands, on the wooded hillsides, by the side of silver lakes, in the city, or on a misty stream,—is the most beautiful creation in our universe. And never is morning more beautiful than on the rocky shores of this lake. There the mists rise up to a painted sky, rich in rose tints, paying homage to a glorious sun. There, also, the first long shafts of light pick from the still, mysterious basin of waters a million jewels to fling back upon the dew-covered leaves and grasses. Over the low, back-stretching hills, lazy clouds float to gather up the night cloak of vapors, and the birds chirp

the first faint notes of thanksgiving. The first breeze touches the glazed surface of water, leaving a faint unevenness, and starts an anchored sailing boat to swing easily and bump against its moorings. The sun slowly tops the ridges and throws in relief a half-submerged log slimy with vegetation, and a magic gull drops out of space to balance upon it. Another miracle, and a crested kingfisher appears on a dead limb; a sleek head cleaves the surface as quickly to disappear; a blackbird steps down to the water's edge for a first drink; a loon cries out,—and morning is ushered in. It is morning, with every velvet leaf reflecting the gold of the sun. It is morning, with its flashing beauty back of robes of shifting light. All sadness and melancholy vanish. All is gladness; all is hope. The mists of night are gone. The grasses

and the trees, the worms and the crawling things, the birds and the flowers, all adore the beauty of the opening of day. Hearts swell to bursting, and the tiniest flower in the smallest niche turns its face in worship.

At times the trail seems to have no particular end. It just leads on and on with a turn here and a turn there. There is nothing to do but follow it wherever it may go, yet simply to take a walk is profitable. It is a method of taking an outing few can appreciate, for few know how to get the full measure of enjoyment from this—a mere walk. The world is too mechanical. Man depends too much upon the machine to transport him from place to place. Indeed it is difficult to find one who really enjoys the walk for the sake of the walk. Nowadays people walk to get to places, so that he who walks for the

love of the walk is considered odd and, being aware of this, keeps to himself. There is, however, in the feel of soft sod under the feet and the slowly turning scenes of foot-travel, something the slave to machine-travel gets nothing of. There is much in life for the small group of foot-travelers, for Nature has many secrets to manifest to them. Every little bird turns a wing, and back of every hedge lies adventure. Down the lane, between rows of trees, there may be something new,—perhaps a squirrel frisking away, perhaps a hawk starting up from a half-eaten meal, perhaps a rabbit back of a rail fence, or a bittern may be at the edge of the mysterious marsh to surprise you.

He who walks is assured of all that man can wish for. It matters not whether he walks over a great stretch of country or

over a small portion, he gets the cross-sectional view so necessary to perfect understanding of nature. He is always meeting with the unexpected. His outing is rich, whether his path is a song-sparrowed byway in the pregnant springtime; a shady, leafy lane in summer; a hazy, leaf-strewn way in autumn; or a pictured road in winter. He is one with nature, with all his senses keen for the delicate appeal.

The beauty of nature is really in the details, and when one goes abroad by foot the detail comes out in its entirety, showing a phase of the wonder-world the man who hurries never dreams of. The man who walks gets into touch with the magic of the land of fairies, where leaves talk and grasses whisper, and the soft wind woos the flowers. He expects at any moment

to meet Jack of the Beanstalk, or to see some little elf on a leaf, and while looking finds a nest of birds with wee little bodies and monstrous mouths.

A closed season is not known to him who walks. No laws are written to dictate what his eyes shall see, his ears shall hear, or his hands shall touch. It is not life the walker seeks, but rather the enjoyment of life. The weapon may be a camera with which he gets, not a formless flesh, but a living picture. In such hunting there is all the satisfaction incident to a successful stalk,—the sense of power in ability to cope with conditions, the exultation of possession, and, best of all, the uplifting feeling of maintaining the perfect order of things. The unity of the small pond is not destroyed by taking from it the lone duck, and the sacred home is not broken by the death of the mother.

If one would attain the inspiration for a larger life, there must be the freshness of the country. One must get away from the curse of gold and blind drudgery. One must go where the birds and animals live out their days as instinct dictates, making their kills in honor, always serving in their own manner. Uncleanliness is the order of the city rather than the open lands. Where nature is left supreme there is no waste, for all things function toward a perfect whole. The seeds uneaten produce in kind, the death of the plants gives life to the soil, the bodies of animals give food to other animals.

Let it be by still waters where a water-bird poses for you, or in the lakeless hills where the beauty is stern, or along bubbling brooks, hiding a trout or two, or on

the open road where all men are friends,—always the wealth of joy is open for you alone. The little green leaves, even as the painted yellow ones, get a hold upon you nothing can destroy. There is so much that is great and good before you, the shell of superficiality is broken, and you become even as a child, intoxicated with love.

Sooner or later the trail leads to the home in the wilderness. It may be a mansion or it may be a shack but it is always a necessity to the outer. For me there is a little house, half-hidden from the traveler, where contentment abides. It is Big Hollow House at the end of Big Hollow, and a good half hour from the Inn hanging to the edge of West Hill. It has before it the long curve of the easy-flowing Fox, and behind it the only unspoiled wilderness within miles. Here the birds are friendly,

and the small animals companionable, and here one may go for rest. It is a place without the weeds of civilization, and without the marks and scars of a slaughtering. The trees grow and live as they by nature should, and the grass is a carpet ever soft and yielding. It is a place in which one might look for wood fairies or listen for strange voices. The squirrel sits upon the rustic seat unafraid, and the wren nests in the eave.

It is a formless sort of structure,—half roof with wide eaves and half porch. At one end is a squatty chimney made of sticks and plaster. The windows have wide ledges, and the door is held by a cross-bar. One would not be able to classify it under any kind of camp house. It is unique, distinctive, different. I never feel that it is awkward in its setting or out of

keeping with the spirit of good relationship. Big Hollow House was made to fill a need, and has no superfluous parts. There is a use for every angle, and an angle for every use. My friends marvel at its capabilities, yet it is not such a mystery. It was built around the needs of the whole-souled Outer.

I seek refuge in this small haven when in many moods. It may be to get away from the worries of business, or it may be to satisfy the insistent call of the woods in spring, or it may be to fish, or again to hunt, or still again to dream through a winter evening. Always I find a greeting suitable to the mood. Always there is in the place that which soothes and comforts an uneasy mind. Like the good old Colonel of Cartersville, I am optimistic when in the company of the sympathetic

fire and under the protection of the barred door.

Sometimes on bright mornings, when the sun is starting all the seeds, I lie across the window ledge for hours, absorbing heat and contentment while lazily reading *Walden Pond* or *The Moosehead Journal.* At such times there seems to be about me a spirit of friendliness toward all things. I do not wish to kill, or to destroy in any way the order of nature, not even to the taking of a fish or the squashing of a bug. It seems crude to be ever slashing and pilfering. It is satisfying to contemplate the watching of the season through without even the small scar of a broken bush to mar the picture. It is strange how little it takes to destroy the perfection of a picture spot in the wilderness. The passing of one city-bred person means a mutila-

tion. Such a one cannot but leave his trail. Yet in the magic word—civilization—is the excuse for all.

Or, at another time, I sit motionless upon the fallen log which guards the door, until the squirrels come back for the nuts at the foot of the tree. Then I learn why they have such great tails, and why their back legs are so strong. They talk to me and discuss the probability of a hard winter. And if I am patient one comes to the log for the nuts at its end.

If I am late in getting up I may be paid a visit by the big fellow who lives in the oak tree. He comes to the window and peers in, as much as to say, "Hello, you inside! Don't you know it is sun-up?" Probably he has heard me come in the night before and wishes to be first to offer a "Good morning." At any rate, I am

always glad to see him and wish him a "Good morning" in turn by tossing out a handful of nuts.

My house is my castle and my estate. It is to me all that vast houses, costing small fortunes, are to the owners. The landscape is open to all, the rivers flow for all. All the extensive land owner has that I do not have is ceaseless worry and responsibility.

Every trail has its milestones. So every season has its great days; those days one cannot keep out of mind. Some experience is so keen it returns time and time again in recollection. I have had one I cannot forget. One morning, when the beauty of the sunrise very nearly carried me away, I stood upon the bank of the lake. Almost at my feet there was a rush, a splash, a flashing scale, and the waters

closed over a minor tragedy. With a start, I came to a realization of my mission. With clumsy fingers I fumbled at the strings of the cloth bag in which was the rod. From a side pocket I took a large reel. Through the guides my line was sent, and upon it I put an ill-shaped spoon. I was ready. Balancing the rod with its hanging spoon, I stepped firmly upon a large stone, and with a long underhand swing, sent the lure out fifty, eighty, a hundred feet. It took the water and, before I could recover the line, was jerked taut. I had a fish! The fight went on, the line was reeled in, the dart came, the reel gave a zing, the thumb was seared, the rod bent. I did not know what I had for an opponent, for there was no surface fighting. Each time the game seemed won, a new rush took place and deeper burns

seared my thumb. Suddenly I discovered that in my haste I had forgotten to put on a leader. That meant a quick landing or a cut line. To force matters, I reeled hard, testing the line to the utmost. At last the struggles were less violent, and the rushes less vicious. Then I saw the fish,—a monster in shining armor. Eagerly I reached for the landing net. Then, just as the mesh was under the rounded side, there was a rush, a flash of light, and I gazed drunkenly at a loose line. Hook, fish, and all, were gone. The waves lapped over an empty net, and finally it dawned upon me that I had lost the fish. An hour later I went home through the city, empty-handed. Sleepy-eyed clerks gave me pitying glances, small boys ragged me, bearded workmen laughed openly, but I only chewed down harder on my cigar.

The sum-total of my morning's work was a memory. But then, it was worth all the effort.

There comes a day when the trail leads to the lake at sundown and you find yourself in the old boat slowly drifting. Deep shadows extend into the western surface, so perfect in every detail that one knows not whether tree or reflection is the more beautiful. Within the shadow the waters are dark and mysterious, holding, in one's imagination, unknown treasures. Perhaps the very largest bass lurks just where light and reflection meet,—that bass which is found in every lake, more clever, more sought after than any bass. There, perhaps, is the fish for which hooks have been baited through several seasons, and which, if all stories could be taken as true, must have fought more battles than any fish

extant. Or, perhaps it is the musky, and not a log you dimly make out under the shadow's edge,—the musky you heard of the first season you fished the lake, and have heard of every season since with ever-increasing detail. If it is the musky, the light spot you notice is probably the scar of the wound made by the boat hook thrown at the noble back by an excitable youth two summers ago. Or again, there may be a yellow pike swimming slowly in and out among the weeds. The very yellow pike you fought for an hour on that memorable July morning.

Surely the place is enchanted. You hear the solitary whip-poor-will just beyond. Far off over the trees the call of the farmer's boy to the sheep is heard. It blends with the bird's weird call to give the impression of quietude and restful-

ness. Away to the left are heard the songs of a camping party. Under you, as you sit motionless in the drifting boat, the water pat-pats softly.

The sun changes from a disk of gold to one of blood red, and hangs motionless a moment before a final plunge to the depths. You dream of the other worlds it has charmed and hung upon, the dreamers and toilers who have paused to meditate in its final glory. The romantic past rises up to become a part of the romantic present, and brings old myths to temper new myths. The fairies spring to life. This is a moment when one can believe that the world is not all man's creation. Imagination comes into being and cold reason slumbers.

But you start quickly when, from under the giant elm, a sharp splash of water

comes to break the magic spell. It is the bass, or perhaps the musky, or possibly the pike! You reach for your rod, then think better of it, and grasp the oars instead for a row back to camp. The evening is too sacred to intrude upon, even by the catching of the most wondrous fish. You go slowly to the dock of old logs and tie up, then on into the camp house where you answer with a grunt the queries as to where you have been, and reach for your largest pipe. You can catch fish any day, but you can create such a delightful state of mind only once in a lifetime.

The trail has been a long one and a pleasant one, but it will never be complete until that day comes for winter fishing. Of all recreation, I think winter fishing is the most satisfactory. But my method is so different from ordinary methods, one

would hardly believe it possible. If you would fish with me in winter, you must follow into the most extraordinary place. There is more that is wonderful in this old world of ours than you can imagine, and the place I know of for December fishing is not the least wonderful. Perhaps you have followed the richest trout streams, or have been on the best lake at sunrise, or have fished in the deep ocean for bluefish, but there is a land more wonderful than any you have yet experienced. You perhaps think you know of all the rare fishing haunts within the knowledge of man, but I know of a place where the largest fish is always caught, and the line never breaks at the wrong moment. It is more beautiful here than you can dream of, more delightful than you can possibly imagine. Here the waters are always sweet-voiced,

and the light winds always laden with love touches. Do you remember that bass you lost near the lily pads? Do you recall the time you nearly caught the prize trout of the stream? Is the forty pound musky experience still vivid in your memory, when you would have landed your fish had it not been for the sunken log? And then the bluefish day on the reef when you were too seasick to hold a line while tons of them were hauled in around you; do you forget that? Yes, even the perch which weighed two pounds,—hooked but never landed? In this land each experience would have been successful. You would not have lost the bass, the trout would have gone into your creel, the musky would be stuffed and mounted, the seasickness would not have come to you, and the perch would not now be in the cool waters.

This is truly a most wonderful place to go, and not least of its virtues is the fact that the best time is when lakes are frozen and snow blocks the roads to your own favorite spots. When the wildest winds are blowing, you fish in peace and quiet. There are no soggy boots to handle, and no soiled hands to wash, for here these terrors do not pursue. Even the oldest fly is taken, and the worn-out pole holds true.

Come with me to this land, and we will fish as we have never fished before. Come with me through the outside door, where wraps are thrown aside, then on into the library where the great leather chairs are waiting,—one for you, and one for me—before the open fire. Here we will light our pipes, and fish.

The open fire is a most wonderful place to be near when the wind is full of frost

and the snow fills in the window ledge. Or if the snow has not arrived, it is equally as cosy.

But perhaps you do not care for the fire or the dream fishing thereby. Perhaps you are not the sort to become enthusiastic over an evening given up to nothing at all.

Then there comes a time when the trail grows dim and you seek the seat before the fire. After a strenuous year you are glad to rest and let all your experiences come back in day dreams.

F. Hopkinson Smith referred to his fire as his friend, and so it must have been, for I find my fire such a good companion I can scarcely find time to write about it. Nor is it merely a Platonic friendship; rather a delightful and loving companionship, for the fire is a friend into whose ears one can confide all the secrets of the heart.

In this day, when men seldom take time for aught but the strenuous, the fire is less and less the comrade through long evenings, and consequently more and more charming to one who stays the pace to court its graces.

To rhapsodize is hardly the thing. The fire seems too close a friend to be treated thus; rather let us refer to the fire as firm and constant. Good books, a pipe, and a fire; what more to be desired?

Suppose it is early evening, when the streets are wet with a slow rain, and the workers of the city are hurrying home from the day's work under rustling raincoats and dripping umbrellas, gliding out of darkness into the glare of the street lamps and back into darkness. Suppose it is a quiet evening when the winds do not shake the trees with anger, when there

are small puddles in the low places to step over, but no torrents. Suppose the raindrops patter upon the stones, and the faintest fog blows up from the meadows, giving a decided spring smell—though it be midsummer or early autumn. Then it is that you love to sit before the fire in the library and watch the day fade away and night come in thick. Secure behind the heavy windows, with the talking fire for company, you enjoy gazing out upon the soaked world and are happy to be comfortable, happy to be alone. You pull the shades when the streets become silent, and lighting a candle sit by it and read; read until the book becomes heavy, until you have gone nearly out of sight in the heavenly depths of your big chair, until the candle burns down; then put your book aside and, lighting a new pipe, watch the

fire burn out, or rather retreat into its ash. A close friend it seems at such times. Its warmth comes to the heart. You can confide in the ever-glowing embers, knowing that the friendship is a true one.

There is the backlog, white-charred and blocked with yawning chasms of black, where all the wood nymphs, the children of Pan, sport and play in the dull light. With fresh sticks, the fire bursts out afresh, laughing and talking to you with the vivaciousness of a child, and a hungry flame creeps up some rough stick's edge to burst in the bulging chimney space. When the yellow flames are gone, there is a blue gas above the glowing coals massed in below, and you think that this must be the soul of the bright fire.

With its dying embers, you doze off into the land of endless dreams. What pic-

tures unfold themselves to the mental vision! A continual play is seen upon the stage of fancy, one with ever-changing plot and character. Here it is that you live beyond yourself. Here it is that you are captured and spirited away by the little sprites who dance about the fire.

The fire may open out into the boyhood home, that little secluded home which was dearer than the finest mansion, and with the vision, remembrance upon remembrance. Remembrances which had slipped into the corner of the mind, and which had been forgotten; remembrances of events which at the time had seemed trivial. You think of the delightful shadows and the soothing green grass; the swish-swash of the ripples and the bubbling eddies; the wild, woodsy smell, and the spring flower odors; the brown-backed turtles and the